

Ithaca College Digital Commons @ IC

All Concert & Recital Programs

Concert & Recital Programs

4-26-2014

Graduate Recital: LiAn Chen, soprano

LiAn Chen

Follow this and additional works at: http://digitalcommons.ithaca.edu/music_programs



Part of the [Music Commons](#)

Recommended Citation

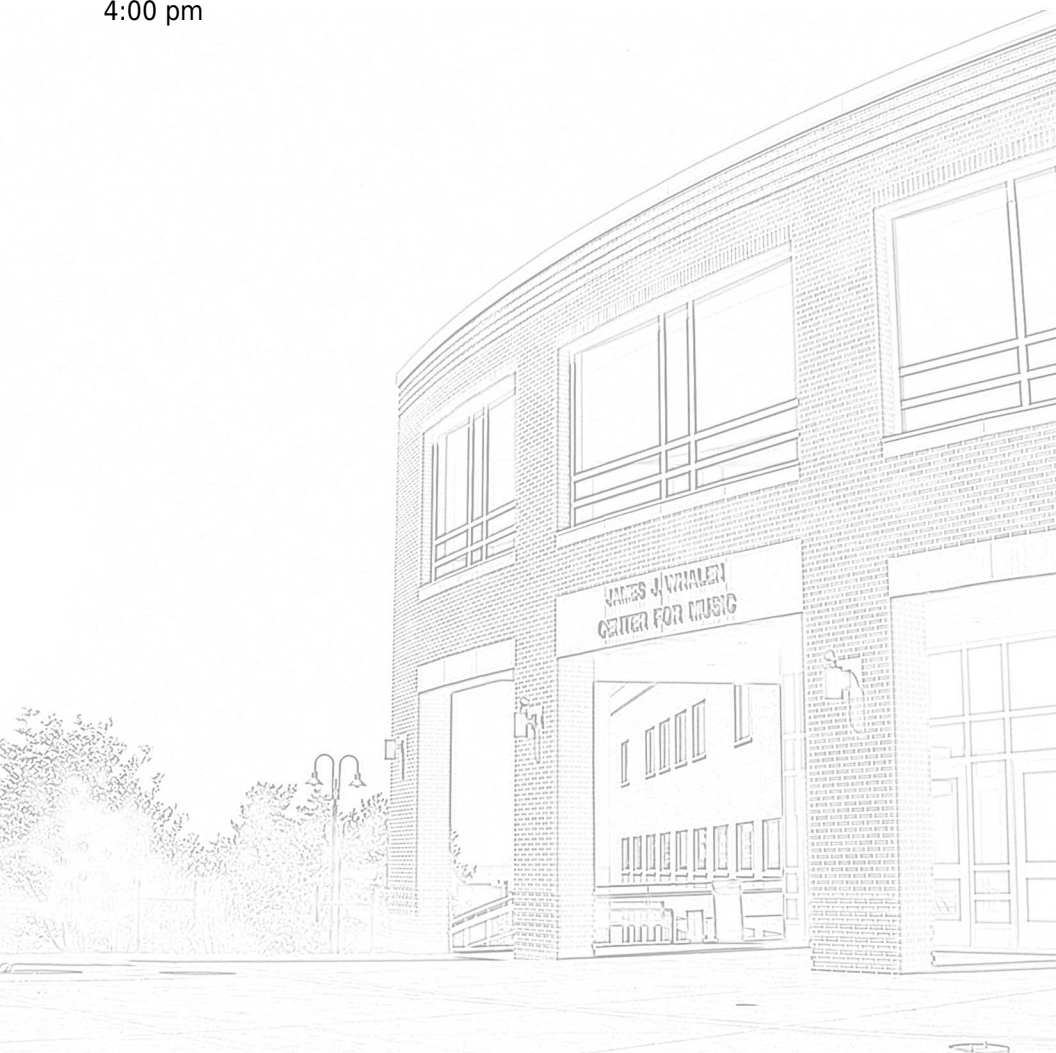
Chen, LiAn, "Graduate Recital: LiAn Chen, soprano" (2014). *All Concert & Recital Programs*. 629.
http://digitalcommons.ithaca.edu/music_programs/629

This Program is brought to you for free and open access by the Concert & Recital Programs at Digital Commons @ IC. It has been accepted for inclusion in All Concert & Recital Programs by an authorized administrator of Digital Commons @ IC.

Graduate Recital:
LiAn Chen, soprano

Samantha Berry, piano

Hockett Family Recital Hall
Saturday, April 26th, 2014
4:00 pm



ITHACA COLLEGE

School of Music

Program

Piangerò la sorte mia from "Giulio
Cesare"

George Frideric Handel
(1685-1759)

Tornami a vagheggiar from "Alcina"

Songs from "Ariettes Oubliées"
C'est l'Extase
Il pleure dans mon coeur
L'Ombre des Arbres
Chevaux de Bois
Green

Claude Debussy
(1862-1918)

Intermission

Deh vieni, non tardar
from *Le Nozze di Figaro*

Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart
(1756-1791)

Songs from "Hermit Songs"
The Crucifixion
Sea-Snatch
The Monk and His Cat

Samuel Barber
(1910-1981)

In dem Schatten meiner Locken
Nimmersatte Liebe
Der Gärtner

Hugo Wolf
(1860-1903)

Translations

Piangerò la sorte mia

E pur così in un giorno
Perdo fasti e grandezze? Ahi, fato
rio!
Cesare, il mio bel nume, è forse
estinto;
Cornelia e Sesto inermi son, nè
sanno
Darmi soccorso. Oh Dio!
Non resta alcuna speme al viver
mio

Piangerò la sorte mia,
Si crudele e tanto ria,
finché vita in petto avrò.
Ma poi morta d'ogn'intorno
il tiranno e notte e giorno
fatta spettro agiterò

Tornami a vagheggiar

Tornami a vagheggiar,
Te solo vuol' amar quest'anima
fedel
Caro mio bene.

Già ti donai il mio cor;
Fido sarà il mio amor;
Mai ti sarò crudel,
Cara mia spene

C'est l'extase langoureuse

C'est l'extase langoureuse,
C'est la fatigue amoureuse,
C'est tous les frissons des bois
Parmi l'étreinte des brises,
C'est, vers les ramures grises,
Le choeur des petites voix.

O le frêle et frais murmure!
Cela gazouille et susurre.
Cela ressemble au cri doux
Que l'herbe agitée expire. . .

I will lament my destiny

Therefore in one day
I lose fame and greatness? Oh,
treacherous fate!
Caesar, my protector, is perhaps no
more;
Cornelia and Sesto are powerless,
They cannot assist me. O God!
No hope remains in my life.

I will lament my destiny,
so cruel and merciless
As long as there is life in my body
But once dead, everywhere,
the tyrant, night and day,
my spirit will torment.

Return to me with longing

Return to me with longing,
my faithful soul wishes to love only
you
my dear beloved.

I have already given you my heart;
my love will be forever true
I will never be cruel to you,
you, my dearest hope.

It is languorous ecstasy

It is languorous ecstasy,
it is loving lassitude,
it is all the tremors of the woods
in the embrace of the breezes
it is, in the grey branches,
The choir of tiny voices

O the frail, fresh murmuring!
That twittering and whispering
is like the sweet cry
breathed out by the ruffled grass...

Tu durais, sous l'eau qui vire,
Le roulis sourd des cailloux.

Cette âme qui se lamente,
En cette plainte dormante,
C'est la nôtre, n'est-ce pas?
La mienne, dis, et la tienne,
Dont s'exhale l'humble antienne
Par ce tiède soir, tout bas?

Il pleure dans mon coeur

Il pleure dans mon coeur
Comme il pleut sur la ville.
Quelle est cette langueur
Qui pénètre mon Coeur?

Ô bruit doux de la pluie
Par terre et sur les toits,
Pour un Coeur qui s'ennuie,
Ô le bruit de la pluie!

Il pleure sans raison
Dans ce Coeur qui s'écoeure.
Quoi! nulle trahison?
Ce deuil est sans raison.

C'est bien la pire peine
De ne savoir pourquoi,
Sans amour et sans haine
Mon Coeur a tant de peine.

L'ombre des arbres

L'ombre des arbres dans la rivière
embrumée
Meurt comme de la fumée,
Tandis qu'en l'air, parmi les
ramures réelles,
Se plaignent les tourterelles.

Combien, ô voyageur, ce paysage
blême
Te mira blême toi-même,
Et que tristes pleuraient dans les
hautes feuillées
Tes espérances noyées.

You would say, beneath the swirling
waters
The muted rolling of the pebbles.

This soul which mourns
in subdued lamentation,
it is ours, is it not?
Mine, say, and yours,
breathing a humble anthem
In the warm evening, very softly?

Tears fall in my heart

Tears fall in my heart
Like rain upon the town,
what is this languor
That pervades my heart?

O gentle sound of the rain
on the ground and on the roofs!
For a listless heart.
O the sound of rain!

Tears fall without reason
In this sickened heart.
What! No perfidy?
This sorrow has no cause.

Indeed it is the worst pain
not to know why,
without love and without hate,
My heart feels so much pain!

The shadow of the trees

The shadow of the trees in the
misty river
dies away like smoke,
while on high, among the
real branches,
The doves sing their plaint.

How much, O traveler, this wan
landscape
wanly reflected yourself,
and in the high foliage how sadly
wept
your drowned hopes.

Chevaux de Bois

Tournez, tournez, bons chevaux de
bois,
Tournez cent tours, tournez mille
tours;
Tournez souvent et tournez
toujours
Tournez, tounez au son des
haubois.

L'enfant tout rouge et la mère
blanche,
Le gars en noir et la fille en rose,
L'une à la chose et l'autre à la pose,
Chacun se paie un sou de dimanche

Tournez, tournez, chevaux de leur
Coeur,
Tandis qu'autour de tous vos
tournois,
Clignote l'oeil du filou sournois,
Tournez au son du piston
vainqueur.

C'est étonnant comme ça vous
soûle
D'aller ainsi dans ce cirque bête,
Rien dans le ventre et mal dans la
tête
Du mail en masse et du bien en
foule.

Tournez, dadas, sans qu'il soit
besoin
D'user jamais de nuls éperons
Pour commander à vos gallops
ronds,
Tournez, tournez, sans espoir de
foin.

Et dépêchez, chevaux de leur âme,
Déjà voici que sonne à la soupe
La nuit qui tombe et chasse la
troupe
De gais buveurs que leur soif
affame.

Merry-go-round

Turn, turn fine merry-go-round,
turn a hundred times, turn a
thousand times,
turn often and go on turning,
Turn to sound of oboes.

The rubicund child and the pale
mother,
the lad in black and the girl in pink,
the one down to earth, the other
showing off,
each one has his Sunday
pennyworth.

Turn, turn, merry-go-round of their
hearts,
while around all your whirling
squints the eye of the crafty
pickpocket,
Turn to the sound of the triumphant
cornet.

It is astonishing how intoxicating it
is
to ride thus in this stupid circle,
with a sinking stomach and an
aching head,
Heaps of discomfort and plenty of
fun.

Turn, gee-gees, without any need
ever to use spurs
to keep you at the gallop,
Turn, turn, without hope of hay.

And hurry, horses of their souls,
already the supper bell is ringing,
night falls and chases away the
troop
of gay drinkers famished by their
thirst.

Tournez, tournez! Le ciel en velours

D'astres en or se vêt lentement.
L'église tinte un glas tristement.

Tournez au son joyeux des
tambours.

Turn, turn! The velvet sky

is slowly pricked with golden stars.
The church bell tolls a mournful
knell,

Turn to merry bearing of the drums.

Green

Voici des fruits, des fleurs, des
feuilles et des branches,
Et puis voici mon Coeur, qui ne bat
que pour vous.

Ne le déchirez pas avec vos deux
mains blanches,
Et qu'à vos yeux si beaux l'humble

present soit doux.

J'arrive tout couvert encore de
rosée

Que le vent du matin vient glacer à
mon front

Souffrez que ma fatigue, à vos
pieds reposée,

Rêve des chers instants qui la
délasseront.

Sur votre jeune sein laissez rouler
ma tête

toute sonore encore de vos derniers
baisers;

Laissez-la s'apaiser de la bonne
tempête,

Et que je dorme un peu puisque
vous reposez.

Here are fruits, flowers,
leaves and branches.
and here too is my heart that beats
only for you.

Do not destroy it with your two
white hands,
and to your lovely eyes may the
humble gift
seem sweet.

I come still covered with dew

that the morning breeze has chilled
on my brow.

Let my weariness, resting at your
feet,

dream of dear moments which will
bring

On your young breast let me rest
my head

still ringing with your last kisses;

Let it be appeased after the good
tempest,

That I may sleep a little as you rest.

Deh vieni, non tardar

Giunse al fin il momento
che godrò senza affanno
In braccia all'idol mio.

Timide cure, uscite dal mio petto,
a turbar non venite il mio diletto!
Oh come par che all'amoroso foco

L'amenità del loco
la terra, e il ciel risponda.

Oh come, do not delay

At last comes the moment
that I shall enjoy without fear
in the arms of my idol.

Anxious cares, leave my heart,
do not come to trouble my delight!
Oh, how it seems that to the
amorous fire,

the friendliness of the place,
the earth and the sky respond.

come la notte i furti miei seconda!

Deh vieni, non tardar, o gioja bella,

viene ove amor per goder t'appella

finchè non splende in ciel notturna
face

finchè l'aria è ancor bruna

e il mondo tace,

Qui mormora il ruscel,

qui scherzo l'aura

che con dolce susurro il cor
restaura.

Qui ridono i fioretti

e l'erba è fresca,

ai piaceri d'amor

qui tutto adescas.

Vieni, ben mio, tra queste piante
ascese,

viene, viene!

ti vo' la fronte incoronar di rose.

How the night favors my secret
plans!

Oh come, do not delay, my
beautiful joy,
come where love calls you to enjoy
yourself

as long as the nocturnal torch does
not shine,

as long as the air is still dark
and the world is quiet.

Here the brook murmurs,
here the breeze is playing
which gently whispering soothes
the heart.

Here the flowers are smiling
and the grass is cool,
everything here invites you
to the pleasures of love.

Come, my dearest, among those
hidden bushes,
come, come!

I want to crown your forehead with
roses.

In dem Schatten meiner Locken

In dem Schatten meiner Locken
Schlief mir mein Geliebter ein
Weck' ich ihn nun auf? -- Ach nein!

Sorglich strahlt' ich meine krausen
Locken täglich in der Frühe,
Doch umsonst ist meine Mühe,
Weil die Winde sie zerzausen.

Lockenschatten, Windessausen

Schläferden den Liebsten ein.
Weck' ich ihn nun auf? -- Ach nein!

Hören muß ich, wie ihn gräme,
Daß er schmachtet schon so lange,
Daß ihm Leben geb' und nehme

Diese meine braune Wange,
Und er nennt mich seine Schlange,
Und doch schlief er bei mir ein.
Weck' ich ihn nun auf? -- Ach nein!

In the shadow of my tresses

In the shadow of my tresses
My beloved has fallen asleep.
Shall I awaken him now? Ah, no!

Carefully I comb my ruffled
Locks, early every day;
Yet for nothing is my trouble,
For the wind makes them
disheveled yet again.

The shadows of my tresses, the
whispering of the wind,
Have lulled my darling to sleep.
Shall I awaken him now? Ah, no!

I must listen to him complain
That he pines for me so long,
That life is given and taken away
from him

By this, my brown cheek,
And he calls me a snake;
Yet he fell asleep by me.
Shall I awaken him now? Ah, no!

Nimmersatte Liebe

So ist die Lieb'! So ist die Lieb'!

Mit Küßen nicht zu stillen :
Wer ist der Tor und will ein Sieb
Mit eitel Wasser füllen?
Und schöpfst du an die tausend
Jahr;
Und küßest ewig, ewig gar,
Du tust ihr nie zu Willen.

Die Lieb', die Lieb' hat alle Stund'
Neu wunderlich Gelüsten;
Wir bißen uns die Lippen wund,
Da wir uns heute küßten.
Das Mädchen hielt in guter Ruh',
Wie's Lämmlein unter'm Messer;
Ihr Auge bat: nur immer zu,
Je weher, desto besser!

So ist die Lieb', und war auch so,
Wie lang es Liebe giebt,
Und anders war Herr Salomo,
Der Weise, nicht verliebt.

Der Gärtner

Auf ihrem Leibrößlein
So weiß wie der Schnee,
Die schönste Prinzessin
reit't durch die Allee.

Der Weg, den das Rößlein
Hintanzet so hold,
der Sand, den ich streute,
er blinket wie Gold!

Du rosenfarb's Hütlein
Wohl auf und wohl ab,
O wirf eine Feder,
verstohlen herab!

Und willst du dagegen
eine Blüte von mir,
nimm tausend für eine,
nimm alle dafür!

Insatiable love

This is how love is! This is how
love is!

Not to be stilled with kisses:
who is such a fool as to try to fill
a sieve with mere water?
You could pour water in for a
thousand years,
you could kiss for ever and ever,
and never find love's fulfillment.

For love, love has new and strange
desires at every hour; we
bit our lips sore
when we kissed today.
The girl kept quite still,
like a lambkin under the knife;
her eyes were pleading: go on,
the more it hurts, the better!

This is how love is, and always was,
ever since love has existed;
and not even Solomon himself,
for all his wisdom, ever loved in any
other way.

The Gardener

On her favorite pony
as white as snow,
the fairest princess
rides down the avenue.

On the path down which her steed
so finely prances,
the sand that I strewed there
glitters like gold!

You rose-colored little hat,
bobbing up and down,
O toss a feather
stealthily down!

and if, for that, you would like
a little flower from me
take a thousand for one,
take all of them!